

052
C.H.
V. 11 pt 1
Serial

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 523.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF 'THIS MORTAL COIL,' 'BLOOD ROYAL,' 'THE SCALLYWAG,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—AN ACCIDENTAL MEETING.

'Twas a dejected, dispirited, sheepish-looking throng that gathered, one black Wednesday, round the big back door in Burlington Gardens. For it was Taking-away Day at the Royal Academy.

For weeks before that annual holocaust, many anxious hearts have waited and watched in eager suspense for the final verdict of the Hanging Committee. To hang or not to hang—that is the question. But on Taking-away Day, the terrible fiat at last arrives; the Committee regret (on a lithographed form) that want of space compels them to decline Mr So-and-so's oil-painting, 'The Fall of Babylon,' or Miss Whatshername's water-colour, 'By Leafy Thames,' and politely inform them that they may remove them at their leisure and at their own expense from Burlington House by the back door aforesaid. Then follows a sad ceremony: the rejected flock together to recover their slighted goods, and keep one another company in their hour of humiliation. It is a community of grief, a fellowship in misery. Each is only sustained from withering under the observant eyes of his neighbour by the inward consciousness that that neighbour himself, after all, is in the self-same box, and has been the recipient that day of an identical letter.

Nevertheless, it was some consolation to Kathleen Hesslegrave in her disappointment to observe the varying moods and shifting humours of her fellow-sufferers among the rejected. She had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and it lightened her trouble somewhat to watch among the crowd the different funny ways in which other people bore

or concealed their own disappointment for her edification. There were sundry young men, for example, with long hair down their backs and loose collars of truly Byronic expansiveness, whom Kathleen at once recognised as unacclaimed geniuses belonging to the very newest and extremest school of modern impressionism. They hailed from Newlyn. These lordly souls, budding Raphaels of the future, strolled into the big room with a careless air of absolute unconcern, as who should wonder they had ever deigned to submit their immortal works to the arbitrament of a mere every-day Hanging Committee; and they affected to feel very little surprise indeed at finding that a vulgar bourgeois world had disdained their efforts. They disdained the vulgar bourgeois world in return with contempt at compound interest visibly written on their aesthetic features. Others, older and shabbier, slunk in unobserved, and shouldered their canvases, mostly unobtrusive landscapes, with every appearance of antique familiarity. It was not the first time they had received that insult. Yet others, again—and these were chiefly young girls—advanced, blushing and giggling a little from suppressed nervousness, to recover with shame their unvalued property. Here and there, too, a big burly-shouldered man elbowed his way through the crowd as though the place belonged to him, and hauled off his *magnum opus* (generally a huge field of historical canvas, 'King Edward at Calais,' or, 'The Death of Attila') with a defiant face which seemed to bode no good to the first Academician he might chance to run against on

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

his way down Bond Street. A few, on the contrary, were anxious to explain, with unnecessary loudness of voice, that they hadn't sent in themselves at all this year; they had called for a picture by a friend—that was all, really. Kathleen stood aside and watched their varied moods with quiet amusement; it distracted her attention for the time from her own poor picture.

At last she found herself almost the only person remaining out of that jostling crowd, with a sailor-looking man, brown and bronzed, beside her.

"'In a Side Canal; Kathleen Hesslegrave,'" yes, this is yours, mum,' the porter said gruffly. 'But you'll want a man to take it down to the cab for you.'

Kathleen glanced at her little arms; they were not very strong, to be sure, though plump and shapely. Then she looked at the porter. But the porter stood unmoved. With a struggling little effort, Kathleen tried to lift it. 'In a Side Canal' was a tolerably big picture, and she failed to manage it. The sailor-looking body by her side raised his hat with a smile. His face was brown and weather-beaten, but he had beautiful teeth, very white and regular, and when he smiled he showed them. He looked like a gentleman, too, though he was so roughly dressed, with a sailor's roughness. 'May I help you?' he asked, as he raised his hat. 'We two seem to be the last—I suppose because we were more modestly retiring than the rest of them. This is a good big picture.'

'Yes,' Kathleen answered regretfully. 'And it took me a good long time to paint it.'

The sailor-looking young man glanced at the subject carelessly. 'Oh, Venetian!' he cried. 'Why, how odd! We're neighbours. Mine's Venetian too. The very next canal; I painted it quite close to San Giovanni e Paolo.'

'So did I,' Kathleen exclaimed, brightening up, a little surprised at the coincidence.

'When were you there?'

'Last autumn.'

'Then I wonder we never met,' the young man put in with another sunshiny smile. 'I was working on that canal every day of my life from November to January.' He was carrying her picture as he spoke towards the door for a cab.

'Oh, how funny!' Kathleen exclaimed, looking closer at his features. 'It's queer we never happened to knock up against one another. And we knew so many people in Venice, too. Used you ever to go to the Martindales' palazzo?'

The young man smiled once more, this time a restrained smile of deprecatory modesty. If his teeth were good, he certainly lost no opportunity of showing them. 'No; I didn't know the Martindales,' he answered very hastily, as if anxious to disclaim the social honour thus thrust

upon him, for the Martindales lead Anglo-Venetian society.

'Then perhaps the Chericis?' Kathleen interposed once more, with that innate human desire we all of us feel to find some common point with every stranger we run against.

'No,' her new friend replied, looking graver now. 'Nor Countess Chericis either. In point of fact, I may say—except one or two other painter-fellows, if I can call myself a painter—I knew nobody in Venice. I was not in society.'

'Oh!' Kathleen answered, dropping her voice a little; for though she was a sensible girl, in the circle she had been brought up in, not to be in society was considered almost criminal.

The young man noted the sudden drop in her voice; and a curious little line developed itself for a second near the corners of his mouth—an upward line, curving sideways obliquely. It was clear he was amused by her altered demeanour. But he made no reply. He only bore the picture gravely to the door of the Academy, and there tried to call the attention of some passing hansom. But it was clearly useless. They were all engaged already, and the crush at the door was still so great there could be no chance of hiring one for another ten minutes. So the young man laid down the big picture near the door, with its face propped up against the entrance wall, and saying quietly, 'I'll help you in with it by-and-by when I see any chance,' went back to the inner room to recover his own Venetian canvas.

He was gone a minute; and when he returned, Kathleen could see he almost ostentatiously set his own picture down at some distance from hers, as though he was little anxious to continue the conversation. She was sorry for that. He had seemed so eager to help her with such genuine kindness; and she was afraid he saw his last remark about not being in society had erected an instinctive class-barrier between them. So, after a moment's hesitation, she left her own work to take care of itself, and took a step or two forward toward her new acquaintance's ambitious canvas. 'You saw mine,' she said apologetically, by way of reopening conversation. 'May I see yours? One likes to sit in judgment on the Hanging Committee.'

The young man seemed pleased. He had a speaking face, and was handsome withal, with a seafaring handsomeness. 'Oh yes, if you like,' he answered, 'though I'm afraid you won't care for it.' And he turned the painted face of the picture towards her.

'But why on earth didn't they take it?' Kathleen cried spontaneously, almost as soon as she saw it. 'What lovely light on the surface of the water! and, oh the beautiful red sails of those Chioggia fishing-boats!'

'I'm glad you like it,' the stranger replied, with evident pleasure, blushing like a girl. 'I don't care for criticism as a rule, but I love sincerity; and the way you spoke showed me at once you were really sincere about it. That's a very rare quality—about the hardest thing to get in this world, I fancy.'

'Yes, I was quite sincere,' Kathleen answered with truth. 'It's a beautiful picture. The

thing I can't understand is why on earth they should have rejected it.'

The young man shrugged his shoulders and made an impatient gesture. 'They have so many pictures to judge in so short a time,' he answered with a tolerance which was evidently habitual to him. 'It doesn't do to expect too much from human nature. All men are fallible, with perhaps the trifling exception of the Pope. We make mistakes ourselves sometimes; and in landscape especially they have such miles to choose from.—Not,' he went on after a short pause, 'that I mean to say I consider my own fishing-boats good enough to demand success, or even to deserve it. I'm the merest beginner. I was thinking only of the general principle.'

'I'm afraid you're a dreadful cynic,' Kathleen put in with a little wave of her pretty gloved hand, just to keep up the conversation. She was still engaged in looking close into the details of his rejected handicraft. Though deficient in technique, it had marked imagination.

The stranger smiled a broader and more genial smile than ever. 'Oh no; not a cynic, I hope,' he answered with emphasis, in a way that left no doubt about his own sincerity. 'It isn't cynical, surely, to recognise the plain facts of human nature. We're all of us prone to judge a good deal by the most superficial circumstances. Suppose now you and I were on the Hanging Committee ourselves: just at first, of course, we'd be frightfully anxious to give every work the fullest and fairest consideration. Responsibility would burden us. We would weigh each picture well, and reject it only after due deliberation. But human nature can't keep up such a strain as that for long together. We'd begin very fresh, but towards the end of the day we'd be dazed and tired. We'd say: "Whose is that? Ah, by So-and-so's son; a brother R.A. I know his father. Well, it's not badly painted; we'll let it in, I think. What do *you* say, Jiggamaree?" And then with the next: "Who's this, porter? Oh, a fellow called Smith. Not very distinctive, is it? H'm, we've rejected every bit as good already; space is getting full. Well, put it away for the present, Jones: we'll mark it doubtful." That's human nature, after all; and what we each of us feel we would do ourselves, we can none of us fairly blame in others.'

'But I call that cynicism,' Kathleen persisted, looking up at him.

If the stranger was a cynic, he had certainly caught the complaint in its most genial form, for he answered at once with perfect good-humour: 'Oh no, I don't think so. It's mere acceptance of the facts of life. The cynic assumes a position of censure. He implies that human nature does this, that, or the other thing, which *he*, with his higher and purer moral sense, would never so much as dream of doing. Knowledge of the world is not necessarily cynicism. The cynical touch is added to it by want of geniality and of human tolerance. It is possible for us to know what men and women are like, and yet to owe them no grudge for it—to recognise that, after all, we are all of us *au fond* very nearly identical.'

He spoke like a gentleman and a man of culture. Kathleen was a little surprised, now she heard him talk, to find him so much more educated than she had at first fancied. For his rough exterior had rather prejudiced her against the sailor-looking stranger. But his voice was so pleasant, and his smile so frank, that she really quite admired him, in spite of his sentiments. She was just going to answer him, in defence of human nature, against his supposed strictures, when a voice in the crowd close by distracted her attention. 'Why, Miss Hesslegrave, there you are!' it cried. 'I wondered if I should see you.—Oh yes, indeed, I also am among the killed and wounded. I've got no fewer than three of them. What, all my pretty ones! A perfect massacre of the innocents. But, there, the Hanging Committee is as bad as its name. No respecter of persons. Ruthless, ruthless, ruthless! And Arnold Willoughby too!—Well, Willoughby, how are you? I really didn't know you two knew each other.'

'We don't,' Kathleen answered, taking the new-comer's hand. 'We've only just met here. But your friend's been so kind. He's carried my poor rejected picture down for me, and we're waiting for a cab. It *is* such a crush—and all of us trying to pretend we don't mind about it!'

'Who's cynical now?' the stranger put in, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. 'I do mind very much; it's bread and butter to *me*; and I don't pretend to conceal it.—But I'll leave you now. I see you've found a friend, and I can be of no further service to you.' He raised his hat with more grace than Kathleen could have expected from those rough sailor-like clothes: 'Good-bye,' he said.—'Mortimer, you'll see after the picture.'

The American—for he was one—nodded a polite assent. 'How lucky I am, Miss Hesslegrave,' he murmured, 'to have met you by accident! And talking to Willoughby too! You can't think what a conquest that is.' He glanced with some amusement after the stranger's retreating figure. 'You know,' he said, lowering his voice, 'Willoughby's a professed misogynist, or next door to one, anyhow; this is the very first time I've ever seen him speaking to a lady. As a rule, he runs away from them the moment he sees one. It was conjectured in Venice among the fellows who knew him he had been what school-girls describe as "crossed in love," he avoided them so carefully. I suppose the truth is one of them must have jilted him.'

'He was very kind to *me*,' Kathleen interposed quietly. 'He saw me struggling with this great big canvas, and he came up to help me, and was so nice and polite about it.'

'Ah yes,' the American answered, a little lower than before, with a meaning glance. 'Kind to *you*, Miss Hesslegrave; that doesn't prove much; even a confirmed misogynist could hardly be less; we must allow for circumstances.'

Kathleen coloured a little, but didn't altogether dislike the compliment, for Mortimer was rich—very rich indeed—and the acknowledged catch of the artistic American colony in Paris. But she turned the subject hastily.

'Where did you meet him?' she asked, looking down at her pretty shoes. 'He's so rough-looking outside; yet he seems a gentleman.'

'Oh, he is a gentleman, undoubtedly,' Mortimer answered with true American candour; 'a born gentleman, though not quite the conventional one. He's as poor as a church mouse, and he's been a sailor, I fancy.'

'Who is he?' Kathleen asked with evident interest.

'Ah, who is he? That's the question,' Mortimer answered mysteriously. 'He's a dark horse, I imagine. I picked him up accidentally last autumn in Venice. He used to lodge at a tiny Italian *trattoria*, down a side canal—not far from my palazzo—and live off *fritura*—you know the sort of stuff—fish, flesh, and fowl, three meals a penny.'

'How brave of him!' Kathleen said simply. 'He looks very nice.—And all for art's sake, I suppose, Mr Mortimer?'

The American laughed. 'All for poverty's sake, I imagine,' he answered with candour. 'So he told me himself. He didn't care so much about art, he said, as about earning a livelihood; and I really believe he starves in his den when he sells no pictures.'

'Why did he run away from us?' Kathleen asked, peering around into the crowd to see if she could discover him.

'Well to tell you the truth,' Mortimer replied, 'I think it was mainly because he saw me come up; and also because of the faint intonation in your voice when you said, "We don't know one another." Willoughby's a misogynist, as I told you, and he's also sensitive, absurdly sensitive—he might almost be one of my fellow-countrymen. I don't doubt, when you said that, he took it as his dismissal. He understood you to mean, "Now I've done, sir, with you. Here's somebody else I know. You may go about your business." And being a person who always feels acutely when he's *de trop*, he went about his business at once accordingly.'

'I'm sorry,' Kathleen put in; 'for I really rather liked him.'

'Oh, he's a thorough good sort,' the American answered quickly. 'He's sterling, Willoughby is. Not at all the sort of man that's given away with a pound of tea. None of your cotton-backed gentlemen. You may test him all through, and you'll find from head to foot he's the genuine material.'

'Couldn't you bring him with you to tea this afternoon?' Kathleen suggested, half hesitating. 'I think Mamma sent you an At Home card for Wednesdays.'

'Oh, I'm coming,' the American answered with prompt acquiescence; 'I've not forgotten it, Miss Hesslegrave; is it likely I should? Well, no, I don't think so.—But as for Willoughby, ah, there you know, that's quite a different matter. I don't suppose anything on earth would induce him to go to an At Home of anybody's. He'd say it was hollow; and he despises hollowness. He'll never go in for anything but realities. To tell you the truth, I think the only reason he spoke to you at all at the Academy here this morning was because he saw a chance of being of some practical service to you; and the moment the practical service

was performed, he took the very first opportunity that offered to slip off and leave you. That's Willoughby all over. He cares for nothing at all in life, except its realities.'

CHAPTER II.—MRS HESSELEGRAVE AT HOME.

That same afternoon, Mrs Hesslegrave's little rooms in a side street in Kensington were inconveniently crowded. Mrs Hesslegrave would have been wounded to the core had it been otherwise. For, though she was poor, she was still 'in Society.' Every second Wednesday through the season Mrs Hesslegrave received; sooner would she have gone without breakfast and dinner than have failed to fill her rooms for afternoon tea with 'the Best People.' Indeed, Mrs Hesslegrave was the exact antipodes of Arnold Willoughby. 'Twas for the appearances of life she lived, not for its realities. 'It would look so well,' 'It would look so bad'—those were the two phrases that rose oftenest to her lips, the two phrases that summed up in antithetical simplicity her philosophy of conduct.

Therefore it was a small matter to Mrs Hesslegrave that her friends were jostling and hustling each other to their mutual inconvenience in her tiny lodgings. Their discomfort counted to her for less than nothing. It looks so well to have your At Homes attended. It looks so bad to see them empty, or, worse still, filled by the wrong sort of people.

'Oh, here's that dear Mr Mortimer,' Mrs Hesslegrave gushed forth, rising with *empressment* as the young American entered. 'How do you do, Mr Mortimer? How good of you to come!—Kathleen, will you take Mr Mortimer into the other room to have a cup of tea?—I'll introduce him to you, Lady Barnard, as soon as ever he comes back. Such a charming young man!' Mrs Hesslegrave had smoothed her path in life by the judicious use of that one word *charming*. 'He's an American, you know, of course, but not the least like most of them; so cultivated and nice, and belongs, I'm told, to a first-rate old Philadelphia family. Really, it's quite surprising what charming Americans one meets about nowadays—the best sort, I mean—the ladies and gentlemen. You wouldn't believe it, but this young man hasn't the slightest Yankee accent; he speaks like an English officer.' Mrs Hesslegrave's late lamented husband had been a general of artillery, and she looked upon an English officer accordingly as the one recognised model of deportment and character in the two hemispheres. 'Besides, he's very well off indeed, they tell me; he's iron in the States, and an artist in Paris; but he practises art for art's sake only, and *not* as a means of livelihood, like my poor dear Kathleen. Such a delightful young man! You really *must* know him.'

Lady Barnard smiled, and in less than ten minutes was deep in conversation with the 'charming' American. And charming he was, to say the truth; for once in its life, Mrs Hesslegrave's overworked adjective of social appreciation was judiciously applied to a proper object. The rich young American had all the piquant frankness and cordiality of his nation, with all the grace and tact of Parisian society. Moreover, he was an artist; and artists must be surely poor

creatures to start with if the mere accidents of their profession don't make them interesting. He was chatting away most brightly to Lady Barnard about the internal gossip of Parisian studios, when the door opened once more, and the neat-capped maid with the long white apron announced in her clearest official voice, 'Canon and Mrs Valentine!'

Their hostess rose once more quite effusively from her place, and advanced towards the newcomers with her best smile of welcome. Mrs Hesslegrave had no fewer than seven distinct gradations of manner for receiving her guests; and you could gather at once their relative importance in the social scale by observing as they arrived with which of the seven Mrs Hesslegrave greeted them. It was clear, therefore, that the Valentines were people of distinction: for she moved forward towards the Canon and his wife at the door with the sweetest inclination of that white-haired head. 'Oh, how good of you to come!' she cried, clasping the lady's hand in both her own. 'I know, Canon Valentine, how *very* much engaged you are! It is so sweet of you!'

The Canon was a fat, little, bald-headed man, rather waistless about the middle, and with a self-satisfied smirk on his smooth red countenance. He had the air of a judge of port and horses. In point of fact, he was a solitary survivor into our alien epoch of the almost extinct type of frankly worldly parson. 'Well, we are rather driven, Mrs Hesslegrave,' he admitted with a sigh—heartless critics might almost have called it a puff—pulling his white tie straight with ostentatious scrupulosity. 'The beginning of the season, you see—torn by conflicting claims; all one's engagements before one! But I've heard *such* good news, such delightful news. I've come here straight, you know, from dear Lady Axminster's.'

'Ah, yes,' Mrs Hesslegrave echoed, glancing askance towards the American to see if he was listening. 'She is so charming, isn't she, Lady Axminster?'

'Quite so,' the Canon answered. 'A very dear old cousin of mine, as you know, Lady Barnard; and so much cut up about this dreadful business of her scapegrace grandson. Well, we've got a clue to him at last; we really believe we've got a genuine clue to him.'

'No, you don't mean to say so!' Mrs Hesslegrave cried, deeply interested. You would have believed Lady Axminster was her dearest friend, instead of being merely a distant bowing acquaintance. 'I thought he had gone off to South Africa or somewhere.'

'What? A romance of the peerage?' the young American asked, pricking up his ears. 'A missing Lord? A coronet going begging? Lost, stolen, or strayed, the heir to an earldom! Is that about the size of it?'

'Precisely,' the Canon answered, turning towards him, half uncertain whether it was right to encourage so flippant a treatment of a serious subject. 'You've heard of it, no doubt—this unfortunate young man's very awkward disappearance. It's not on his own account, of course, that the family mind; he might have gone off if he chose, and nobody would have noticed it. He was always a strange eccentric

sort of person; and for my part, as I say often to dear Lady Axminster, the sooner they could get rid of him out of the way, the better. But it's for Algy she minds; poor Algy Redburn, who, meanwhile, is being kept out of the family property.'

'Well, but this is very interesting, you know,' Rufus Mortimer interjected, as the Canon paused. 'I haven't heard about this. Tell me how it all happened, and why you want a clue. A missing link or a missing earl is always so romantic.'

The Canon leaned back luxuriously in his easy-chair and sipped at the cup of tea Kathleen Hesslegrave had brought him. 'Thank you, my dear,' he said, rolling it critically on his palate. 'One more lump, if you please; I always had a sweet tooth, though Sir Everard has just cut me off my sugar. Says I must take saccharin; but there isn't any flavour in it. I'm thankful to say, however, he hasn't cut me off my port, which is always something. Said he to me: "I'll tell you what it is, Canon; if you drink port, you'll have the gout; but if you don't drink port, the gout'll have *you*." So that's highly satisfactory.' And the bald-headed old gentleman took another sip at the sweet syrup in his cup, of which the tea itself only formed the medium.

'But how about Lord Axminster?' the American persisted with the insistence of his countrymen.

'Oh, ah, poor Axminster,' the Canon went on reflectively, stirring the liquid in his cup with his gilt-bowled apostle spoon. (Mrs Hesslegrave was by no means rich, and she lived in lodgings, to her shame, during her annual visit to London, but she flattered herself she knew the proper way to provide afternoon tea for the best society.) 'I was coming to that. It's a sad, bad story. To begin with, you know, every romance of the peerage involves a pedigree. Well, old Lady Axminster—that's my cousin, the dowager—she had two sons; the eldest was the late earl; Mad Axminster they called him, who married a gypsy girl, and was the father of the present man, if he is the present man—that is to say if he's still living.'

'The missing lord, in fact?' Rufus Mortimer put in interrogatively.

'Quite so,' the Canon assented—'the missing lord; who is, therefore, you will see, my cousin Maria's grandchild. But Maria never cared for the lad. From his childhood upwards, that boy Bertie had ideas and habits sadly unbecoming that station in life, et cetera, et cetera. He had always a mania for doing some definite work in the world, as he called it—soiling his hands in the vineries, or helping the stable-boys, or mending broken chairs, or pottering about the grounds with an axe or a shovel. He had the soul of an under-gardener. His father was just as bad; picked up wonderful notions about equality, and Christian brotherhood, and self-help, and so forth. But it came out worse in Bertie—his name was Albert; I suppose the gypsy mother had something or other to do with it. I'm a great believer in heredity, you know, Lady Barnard; heredity's everything. If once you let any inferior blood like that into a good old family, there's no knowing what trouble you may be laying in store for yourself.'

'But Galton says,' the young American was bold enough to interpose, 'that all the vigour and energy of the British aristocracy—when they happen to have any—comes really from their *mésalliances*: from the handsome, strong, and often clever young women of the lower orders—actresses and so forth—whom they occasionally marry.'

The Canon stared hard at him. These might be scientific truths indeed, not unworthy of discussion at the British Association, but they ought not to be unexpectedly flung down like bombshells in an innocent drawing-room of aristocratic Kensington. 'That may be so,' he answered chillily. 'I have not read Mr Galton's argument on the subject with the care and attention which no doubt it merits. But gypsies are gypsies, and monomania is monomania—with all due respect to scientific authority. So, at an early age, as I was about to observe, these bad ancestral traits began to come out in Bertie. He insisted upon it that he ought to do some good work in the world—which was very right and proper, of course; I hope we all of us share his opinion on that score,' the Canon continued, checking himself, and dropping for a moment into his professional manner. 'But then, his unfortunate limitation of view to what I will venture to call the gypsy horizon made him fail to see that the proper work in the world of an English nobleman is—'

—is 'To behave as sich,' the irreverent young American suggested parenthetically.

Canon Valentine regarded him with a peering look out of his small black eyes. He had a vague suspicion that this bold young man was really trying to chaff him; and one should abstain from chaffing a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England. But he thought it on the whole wisest and most dignified to treat the remark as a serious contribution to a serious conversation. 'Quite so,' he answered with a forced smile. 'You put it briefly but succinctly. To fulfil, as far as in him lies, the natural duties and functions of his—ah'm—exalted position. Bertie didn't see that. He was always stupidly wishing he was a shoemaker or a carpenter. If you make a pair of shoes, he used to say, you do an undoubted and indubitable service to the community at large; a man goes dryshod for a year in your handiwork: if you give a vote in Parliament or develop the resources of your own estate, the value of your work for the world, he used often to tell me, was more open to question.'

'Pre-cisely,' the American answered, with a most annoying tone of complete acquiescence.

The Canon stared at him once more. He expected such singular views as his unfortunate kinsman's to rouse at once every sensible person's reprobation. For he had not yet discovered that the world at large is beginning to demand of every man, be he high or low, that he should justify his presence in a civilised nation by doing some useful work, in one capacity or another, for the community that feeds and clothes and supports him. 'Very odd notions, indeed,' he murmured half to himself, as a rebuke to the young American. 'But then, his father was mad, and his mother was a gypsy girl.'

'So at last Lord Axminster disappeared?' the

American continued, anxious to learn the end of this curious story.

'At last he disappeared,' the Canon went on, somewhat dryly. 'He disappeared into space in the most determined fashion. 'Twas like the bursting of a soap bubble. He wasn't spirited away. He took good care nobody should ever fancy that. He left a letter behind, saying he was going forth to do some good in the world, and a power of attorney for his grandmother to manage the Axminster property. His father and mother were dead, and Maria was the nearest relative he had left him. But he disappeared into space, drawing no funds from the estate, and living apparently upon whatever he earned as a gardener or a shoemaker. And from that day to this nothing has since been heard of him.'

'Wasn't there a lady in the case, though?' Mrs Hesselgrave suggested, just to show her familiarity with the small-talk of society.

The Canon recollected himself. 'Oh yes; I forgot to say that,' he answered. 'You're quite right, Mrs Hesselgrave. It was *Cherchez la femme*, of course, as usual. Bertie had been engaged to a girl of whom he was passionately fond; but she threw him overboard; I must say myself, though I never cared for the boy, she threw him overboard most cruelly and unjustifiably. In point of fact, between ourselves, she had a better offer. An offer from a Marquis, a wealthy Marquis. Axminster was poor, for a man in his position, you understand—these things are relative—and the girl threw him overboard. I won't mention her name, because this is all a family matter; but she's a Marchioness now, and universally admired. Though I must admit she behaved badly to Bertie.'

'Shook his faith in women, I expect?' the American suggested.

'Entirely,' the Canon answered. 'That's just what he wrote in his last letter. It gave him a distaste for society, he said. He preferred to live henceforth in a wider world, where a man's personal qualities counted for more than his wealth, his family, or his artificial position. I suppose he meant America.'

'If he did,' Mortimer put in with a meaning smile, 'I should reckon he knew very little about our country.'

'And you say you've got a clue?' Mrs Hesselgrave interposed. 'What is it, Canon?'

The Canon wagged his head. 'Ah, that's it,' he echoed. 'That's just it. What is it? Well, Maria has found out—clever woman, Maria—that he sailed from London three years ago, under the assumed name of Douglas Overton, in a ship whose exact title I don't remember—the Saucy Something-or-other, for Melbourne or Sydney. And now we're in hopes we may really track him.'

'But if you don't care about him, and the family's well quit of him,' the American interjected, 'why on earth do you want to?'

Canon Valentine turned to him with an almost shocked expression of countenance. 'Oh, we don't want to find him,' he said, in a deprecatory voice. 'We don't want to find him. Very much the contrary. What we want to do is really to prove him dead; and as the Saucy Something-or-other, from London to Melbourne, went ashore

on her way out in the Indian Ocean somewhere, we're very much in hopes—that is to say we fear—or rather we think it possible, that every soul on board her perished.'

'Excellent material for a second Tichborne case,' Mrs Hesslegrave suggested.

The Canon pursed his lips. 'We'll hope not,' he answered. 'For poor Algy's sake, we'll hope not, Mrs Hesslegrave. Algy's his cousin. Mad Axminster had one brother, the Honourable Algernon, who was Algy's father. You see, the trouble of it is, by going away like this and leaving no address, Bertie made it impossible for us to settle his affairs and behave rightly to the family. He's keeping poor Algy out of his own, don't you see? That's just where the trouble is.'

'If he's dead,' Rufus Mortimer suggested with American common-sense; 'but not if he's living.'

'But we'll hope,' the Canon began; then he checked himself suddenly. 'We'll hope,' he went on with a dexterous after-thought, 'this clue Maria has got will settle the question at last, one way or the other.'

'Oh, here's Mrs Burleigh!' the hostess exclaimed, rising once more from her seat with the manner suitable for receiving a distinguished visitor. 'So glad to see you at last. When did you come up from that lovely Norchester? And how's the dear Bishop?'

'I knew Axminster at Oxford,' a very quiet young man in the corner, who had been silent till then, observed in a low voice to Rufus Mortimer. 'I mean the present man—the missing earl—the gypsy's son, as Canon Valentine calls him. I can't say I ever thought him the least bit mad, except in the way of being very conscientious, if that's to be taken as a sign of madness. He hated wine-parties, which was not unnatural, considering his grandfather had drunk himself to death, and one of his uncles had to be confined as an habitual inebriate; and he liked manual labour, which was not unnatural either; for he was a splendidly athletic fellow, as fine-built a man as ever I saw, and able to do a good day's work with any navy in Britain. But he was perfectly sane, and a martyr to conscience. He felt this girl's treatment of him very much, I believe—you know who it was—Lady Sark, the celebrated beauty; and he also felt that people treated him very differently when they knew he was Lord Axminster from the way they treated him when he went about the coast as a common sailor, in a little tub fishing yacht, which he was fond of doing. And that made him long to live a life as a man, not as an earl, in order that he might see what there really was in him.'

'A very odd taste,' the young Philadelphian replied. 'Now, I for my part like best to live among people who know all about me and my grandfather the Vice-president, who made the family pile; because, when I go outside my own proper circle, I see people only value me at my worth as a man—which I suppose must be just about twelve shillings a week, and no allowance for beer-money.'

At the very same moment, in the opposite corner of the room, Canon Valentine was saying under his breath to Mrs Hesslegrave: 'Who is

that young man? the very flippant young fellow with the straw-coloured moustache? I can't say at first sight I'm exactly taken with him.'

And Mrs Hesslegrave made answer with the wisdom of the serpent: 'No, not at first sight, perhaps; I can understand that: he's American, of course, and a little bit brusque in his manner, to begin with: but when you know him, he's charming. Has lovely rooms in Paris, near the Arc de Triomphe; and a palazzo in Venice on the Grand Canal; and gives delightful receptions. He's taken a house in Stanhope Street this year for the season. I'll get him to send you cards; his afternoons are celebrated: and when you go to Paris, he'll make everything smooth for you. He can do so much! He has influence at the Embassy.'

American? Yes. But what a match he would make, after all, for dear Kathleen!

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FAMILIAR LETTERS.

AMONGST the reading public there appears to exist a perennial growth of interest in the life and literary works of Sir Walter Scott. Everything of a personal kind relating to him seems to be greedily sought after. And the Scottish Shakespeare, as he is often called, has, unlike his English prototype, left behind him such a mass of epistolary and autobiographical information regarding himself, his friends, and his literary productions, that we should by this time know much more about him, and that more intimately and more accurately, than did thousands of his contemporaries who were witnesses of his marvellous career. In this respect the two greatest Scottish men of letters—he and Burns—have been singularly fortunate. Both have had excellent biographers and editors. But while the character of Burns and of his works has led to much debate, and provoked no little calumny, recrimination, and uncharitableness, the same cannot be said of the life and works of Scott. Apart from the misfortunes which darkened the closing years of his life, Scott's career was one of singular good fortune and of almost miraculous literary successes—successes still as wonderful to us as they were to his contemporaries. There is no career equal to it in the annals of British literature.

Three years ago, Sir Walter's *Journal*, dating from 1825 to near the close of his life, was edited and published by Mr David Douglas; and now we have, from the same editor and publisher, the *Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott* (2 vols. Edinburgh, 1894). The latter publication has not of course the deep and tragic interest of the former, the *Journal* being the revelation of Scott's own mind and heart during the most painful and trying period of his life, while the *Letters* are rather indicative of the leaf and blossom that garlanded his brows during that portion of his career when he was marching on from triumph to triumph. And yet, singular to say—and a weighty tribute it is to the genius with which Lockhart seized upon and portrayed the essential elements in Scott's character and life—neither of these later publications contains anything that will either add to or take from the

estimate we form of Scott as we have him in the pages of his original biographer. Whether that biography by Lockhart is as well known and as much read as it ought to be, one may be allowed to doubt; and we have been from time to time surprised at the number of persons even pretending to some literary culture who have confessed to never having read Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. In these days of rapid running to and fro, we are too apt to be content with hasty abridgments and encyclopædia notices. But any one, to understand Scott, what he was and what he did, should begin with Lockhart and end with the *Journal* and the *Familiar Letters*.

This last-named publication is what more immediately concerns us at present. The letters it contains date from the year 1797 to the end of the year 1825. The collection opens with three of what may be termed Scott's love letters, addressed as they were to Miss Carpenter, the lady—of French extraction, and an orphan—who became his wife in December 1797. As coming from the pen of a man who afterwards, both in verse and prose, described the passionate loves of many heroes and heroines, these letters strike the reader as containing more of sentiment than of passion, more of the feeling of respectful friendship and admiration than of love. They are almost formal in their politeness of phrase, and remind one of the old-fashioned epistles scattered through the volumes of the *'Spectator'*, or in the pages of Richardson, or even in the well-bred epistolary confidences of Scott's own Julia Mannering to her friend Matilda. But it must not be forgotten that Scott had had another and a first love to whom he was passionately devoted, but whose rank of life was regarded as placing her beyond his reach. She married another than Scott, and he was in consequence, as he tells us himself, 'broken-hearted for two years;' and though, by his marriage, as he adds, his heart had been 'handsomely pieced again, the crack will remain till my dying day.' Here are some extracts from the first of the letters, addressed (about September 1797) to Miss Carpenter, who was then living at Carlisle:

'Since Miss Carpenter has forbid my seeing her for the present, I am willing to incur even the hazard of her displeasure by intruding upon her in this manner. My anxiety, which is greater than I can find words to express, leads me to risque what I am sure if you could but know my present [condition] would not make you very, very angry.' After pointing out to her in the frankest manner his very moderate circumstances, and how much of his success in life must depend upon his own exertions, he goes on to say: 'Many other little resources, which I cannot easily explain so as to make you comprehend me, induce me to express myself with confidence upon the probability of my success; and oh, how dear these prospects will become to me would my beloved friend but permit me to think that she would share them! If you could form any idea of the society in Edinburgh, I am sure the prospect of living there would not terrify you. Your situation would entitle you to take as great a share in the amusements of the place as you were disposed to; and when you were tired of these, it should be the study of my life to prevent your feeling one moment's *Ennui*. When

care comes, we will laugh it away; or if the load is too heavy, we will sit down and share it between us, till it becomes almost as light as pleasure itself. You are apprehensive of losing your liberty; but could you but think with how many domestic pleasures the sacrifice will be repaid, you would no longer think it very frightful. Indisposition may deprive you of that liberty which you prize so highly, and age certainly will. O, think how much happier you will find yourself, surrounded by friends who will love you, than with those who will only regard even my beloved Charlotte while she possesses the power of interesting or entertaining them.'

During the next dozen years Scott lived the life of a happy, industrious, hopeful, and light-hearted man, more disposed to laugh at than to lament the few ills of life which now and again assailed him. By the beginning of 1805 he had written 'The Eve of St John' and other ballads; edited and published two volumes of his 'Border Minstrelsy,' and seen his first great work, 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' hailed by the reading circles of his time as the fruits of a fresh and vigorous genius, inaugurating a new era in the world of poetry and song. Then followed 'Marmion' in 1808, and 'The Lady of the Lake' in 1810; the former to undergo at the hands of Jeffrey a severely depreciatory review in the *Edinburgh*. Jeffrey was to have dined with Scott on the day the review appeared; but before doing so, he sent Scott a copy of the review. Scott wrote him to come and take his dinner all the same, and no allusion was made to the review by either of them in the course of the evening. But Mrs Scott, woman-like, could not refrain from saying something. As Jeffrey was preparing to leave the house, she said to him, in her broken English, 'Well, good-night, Mr Jeffrey—dey tell me you have abused Scott in de Review, and I hope Mr Constable has paid you well for writing it.'

Scott did not trouble himself much about hostile reviews. When Southey's 'Madoc' appeared, Jeffrey met it with a bitterly contemptuous criticism; and he being to meet Southey in Edinburgh before the review was published, did in this case, as in Scott's, send the bard advanced sheets of the article, which Southey read with great indignation. Scott, with his big, strong nature and sense of power, only laughed at these things. Writing at the time to Miss Seward, he tells her that Jeffrey 'feels the same instinctive passion for hunting down the bards of the day' that other men feel in coursing and fishing. After Southey had seen the review of 'Madoc,' Jeffrey, as Scott writes Miss Seward, 'had the magnanimity (absolutely approaching to chivalrous reliance upon the faith of a foe) to trust himself to Southey's guidance in a boat on Windermere, when it would have cost the poet nothing but a wet jacket to have overset the critic, and swum triumphantly to shore—and this the very day the review of "Madoc" was published.'

Scott during these years was as full of buoyancy and spirit as any youth, though he was now approaching forty. The letters written to and received from his friends all point to nothing but unqualified success. Money and fame were

flung in upon him. He was receiving not hundreds but thousands of pounds for his poems, this brilliant period ending with the publication of 'Rokeby' in 1812. Then came a dark period. Strangely enough, to one who is not familiar with Lockhart's 'Life,' it would not be guessed from the correspondence here printed that Scott had so awful a skeleton in his house. But in the beginning of 1813, the affairs of the Ballantynes, of which printing firm Scott was unfortunately a partner, were in such a condition, and in such fearful straits was the firm for money, that Scott's life was almost worried out of him. He had just purchased Abbotsford; but was so drained in meeting the bills of the printing firm, that he afterwards himself admitted that for months he saw nothing but ruin before him. And but for the fortuitous circumstances that led to his finding and finishing the manuscript of his novel of 'Waverley,' and the extraordinary success which immediately attended it and its successors, his own ruin and that of his partners would seem to have been inevitable. In these 'Familiar Letters' nothing of this appears; we have to turn to Lockhart's pages for an account of the impending catastrophe, and how for the time it was averted, only to issue, thirteen years later, in a greatly aggravated form, and so completing the terrible disaster of Sir Walter's life.

Yet, amidst all these literary triumphs, he would appear to have set comparatively little store by what he accomplished except as a means to an end. It scarcely seems to have occurred to him that he had done anything which other people could not do if they set their minds to it. During the excitement of the Peninsular War, his heart yearned for the life of a soldier. He admits, in a letter to the Marchioness of Abercorn in 1811, that he had sometimes serious thoughts of going to Portugal—that is, if the war lasts and Lord Wellington is to be supported there. I have described so many battles that I would compound for a moderate degree of *risque* to see one.' He did not go to Portugal, but he did the next best thing—he wrote the 'Vision of Don Roderick,' for which he received a hundred guineas, and this sum he forwarded to the Committee for the relief of the suffering Portuguese. 'I would give them,' he writes to Lady Abercorn, 'a hundred drops of my blood with the same pleasure, would it do them service, for my heart is a soldier's, and always has been, though my lameness rendered me unfit for the profession, which, old as I am, I would rather follow than any other. But these are waking dreams, in which I seldom indulge even to my kindest friends.'

The fighting instinct had no doubt come down to him with his Border blood. Hence, as he somewhere allows, his sympathies never ran with his heroes, but always hurried, in spite of himself, in the wake of his freebooters, moss-troopers, and bandits. Heroes such as Waverley and Morton, Malcolm Graeme and Ralph Osbaldistone, he cared nothing for; but his brain took fire when he came to describe the doings of William of Deloraine, of Bertram Risingham, of Donald Bean Lean, of Rob Roy, of Roderick Dhu, and the others of their kind. In a letter to Miss Smith the actress, he laughingly admits the impeachment. One of the bold acts in 'The Lady of the

Lake' which he ascribes to Malcolm Graeme is the latter's swimming from the island to the shore, rather than be indebted to his rival Roderick Dhu for the use of a boat. 'You must know,' he says to Miss Smith, 'this Malcolm Graeme was a great plague to me from the beginning. You ladies can hardly comprehend how very stupid lovers are to everybody but mistresses. I gave him that dip in the lake by way of making him do something; but wet or dry I could make nothing of him. His insignificance is the greatest defect among others in the poem.' And following in the same groove of feeling is his letter on one occasion to Miss Seward:

'I know,' he says, 'you will ascribe to my ancient freebooting Border prejudices a latitude of morality which I think State necessity must justify, because in the code of nations, as in that of social order, the law of self-preservation must supersede all others. Indeed, my patriotism is so much stronger than my general philanthropy, that I should hear with much more composure of a general conflagration at Constantinople, than of a hut being on fire at Lichfield [Miss Seward's place of residence]; and as for the morality of an action in which the welfare of the country is deeply concerned, I suspect I feel much like the Laird of Keir's butler. Keir had been engaged in the affair of 1715, and was tried for high-treason; the butler, whose evidence was essential to conviction, chose to forget all that was unfavourable to his master, who was acquitted, of course. As they returned home, Keir could not help making some observations upon the violent fit of oblivion with which John had been visited; but that trusty domestic answered with infinite composure, that he chose rather to trust his own soul in the Lord's hands than his Honour's life in the hands of the Whigs.'

In addition to the interest attaching to these volumes by reason of Scott's own letters therein printed, there are numerous letters addressed to him by his more immediate friends. Among these are the Marchioness of Abercorn, Lady Louisa Stuart, Joanna Baillie, Miss Seward, Miss Edgeworth, Mr Morritt of Rokeby, Lockhart, Jeffrey, James Hogg, and others. With the Lady Louisa Stuart, Scott seems to have been on terms of close confidence, and she and Mr Morritt were among the few who, from the very first, were in the secret of the authorship of the Waverley novels. Not so Lady Abercorn. She must have had, in Scott's opinion, a 'slack tongue,' as the saying is, because, while he writes to her, and she to him, in terms of the warmest friendship, he never seems to have unbosomed himself to her as to his identity with the Great Unknown. It is clear, however, that she suspected it; for as novel after novel reaches her from the publisher 'with the author's compliments,' she invariably writes to Scott immediately after reading the book, giving him her opinions regarding it, and always hinting more or less directly as to who the author may be. Scott as invariably parries her questions, and without giving anything like a categorical denial of his authorship, says nothing to make definite his claims thereto.

Scott did not, indeed, relish too close inquiry into the authorship of the Waverley novels, on the same principle, perhaps, that he did not like

being made a lion of. It is, as a rule, your shallow-brained whelp that makes in the long run the best lion. Exceptions, however, now and again occur. In 1823, in a letter to Mrs Hughes, the grandmother of the author of 'Tom Brown's School Days,' Scott tells her that he had been much entertained by her account of the Lions of Leamington, and adds that the learned Dr Parr was certainly one of the first order. 'I saw him, to my astonishment,' he continues, 'in the streets of Edinburgh at a time when they were deserted by all but tradesfolk and tourists, but when some accidental business obliged me to come to town. I heard a prodigious talking, and looking out, saw the Doctor march, like a turtle erect on his hinder claws, in full canonicals, and surrounded by a sort of halo of satellites, male and female, to whom he was laying down the law as if the whole town was his own. . . . For my part, who am sometimes called upon to be a lion, I always form myself on the model of that noble animal who was so unnecessarily disturbed by the Knight of the Woful Countenance: "he rose up, turned himself round in his caravan, showed himself, front and rear, then licked his moustachios with a yard of tongue, yawned most formidably, and then lay down in peace."'

Scott visited Ireland in the summer of 1825, being accompanied thither by his daughter and son-in-law, Lockhart. Sir Walter had a splendid and enthusiastic reception everywhere; and some of the most racy and graphic letters in these two volumes are those which Lockhart writes from Ireland to his wife. Much of the second volume is taken up with purely family affairs—the marriage of his daughter Sophia to Lockhart, the settlement of his two sons in their respective professions, and the wedding of his elder son to the heiress of Lochore. In both volumes there is much repetition—the same event being described in similar language to sometimes half-a-dozen correspondents. This might have been avoided, perhaps, had the letters been condensed into one volume; but as it is, both volumes are edited with care and skill, and will prove a mine of interest to the many lovers of biography—a class of readers and a branch of literature which, we believe, were never more numerous or more popular than in the present day.

THE GIRL FROM MADEIRA.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By P. L. McDERMOTT, Author of 'Julius Vernon,'
'The Last King of Yewle,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—HOW IT HAPPENED.

AMONG the half-dozen passengers who came on board the homeward-bound Cape steamer at Madeira were an elderly lady, an invalid; and a young girl of nineteen, who might be the lady's grand-daughter. At all events, this was the relationship which was actually assigned to them by strangers. The old lady, after coming on board the steamer, retired to her cabin, and mostly stayed there during the rest of the voyage. At about eleven o'clock every day she released

her companion from attendance until luncheon-time. Once or twice the invalid came on deck for an hour in the afternoon, keeping the girl beside her to read to her; and for a couple of hours later on in the evening the latter was allowed her freedom again.

These particulars are mentioned in order to explain what happened. There was a young fellow on board, returning from South African adventure, unsuccessful, but cheery. All the passengers got to know his name, somehow, before they were twenty-four hours at sea, and not only his name but nearly everything about him. This might be summed up in the statement that he had been about two years in South Africa prospecting for his fortune, and was now coming home without it as poor as he had gone out. He frankly admitted, with a laugh that was very contagious, that he had been trying his hand at too many things and sticking to none of them long enough. Nor had he more hopeful prospects in England to look forward to through family connections; for he confessed to a man in the smoking-room that he had no relative of near degree except an elderly maiden aunt in the north, who tranquilly flourished on a life annuity of one hundred pounds.

This young man's name was Fenwick—Ernest Fenwick, and he was the favourite of everybody on board, especially the ladies, for whose service or amusement he was always on the alert. It came to pass, therefore, that when the girl from Madeira came on board, and was found to be exceedingly pretty and shy, developments were watched with much quiet interest. The first time she was on deck alone she stood by the mizzen shrouds leaning against the rail and looking across the ocean. It soon became evident that she was the source of an electric agency which exerted a disturbing influence on Mr Ernest Fenwick at the other side of the vessel. On this occasion the effect was manifested in a desire for vigorous walking exercise. The next time she came up she was in attendance on the invalid. Mr Fenwick made an attempt to recommend himself to the notice of the old lady by some little attention which she appeared to require; but she repelled the advance with a countenance that cooled him like an east wind. However, the maiden looked pink and distressed, and this compensated and encouraged him.

How many times these two bodies moved round their orbits before the steady force of mutual attraction brought them together, no one could tell, except, perhaps, the officer on the bridge; but it is certain that when the passengers began to come on deck after dinner on the second evening out from Madeira, there they were, on the friendliest of terms, walking up and down together. Nothing, it was universally felt, could have been more natural. It occurred day after day for the rest of the voyage, and everybody was pleased; even the old captain, who had seen a good many matters of the kind in his time, regarded them approvingly from the bridge.

That Mr Ernest Fenwick was head and ears in love there could be no doubt; and, notwithstanding all the prudence with which the world abounds, there was little doubt that the case was the more interesting because, on account of his circumstances, he had no business to fall in love. But the girl, shy and inexperienced as she was, was quite too demurely deep for any powers of male or female penetration. She did not disguise the fact that she liked her companion; but if he had awakened any sentiment beyond liking, that maiden concealed this fact with consummate simplicity and success.

The evening before the ship arrived at Plymouth Mr Fenwick's spirits were low. The girl had mentioned incidentally that they were going off at that port, with a view to proceeding to Torquay. Mr Fenwick reflected that he himself had nowhere in particular to go to, and would have much liked some excuse for going to Torquay.

'I am going off at Plymouth, too,' he remarked, with a careless air, glancing up at the rigging.

The girl gave him a quick, questioning look from the corners of her eyes, but he was unconscious of this manifestation of interest. She replied, in a matter-of-fact manner: 'I suppose you are going on to London by railway?'

'Well, I don't know. I have no settled plans yet. I think I would like to see a bit of Devonshire before going to London. I might perhaps pay a visit to Torquay for a day or two.'

This tentative observation elicited no reply whatever. It was disappointing; but at any rate he was now decided not only to get off at Plymouth, but to see the 'bit of Devonshire' and pay a visit to Torquay as well. He resolved to say no more about it; and he would certainly have carried out his resolution, but for an incident which happened after they landed.

It chanced, rather awkwardly, that the invalid and her companion were (besides Mr Fenwick) the only passengers leaving the steamer at Plymouth. Therefore, when that young man, who all along had been supposed by every one to be proceeding to London in the ship, came on deck with his portmanteau and box and began to say good-bye, his face was very red. They all looked so surprised, and yet so intelligent. The recognised cause of this sudden change of plan stood beside her luggage near the gangway, looking demure and unconscious enough to have no thought of what was going on. For at the present moment he desired to keep as far from the girl as he could; and it highly amused his observant friends to note the effort he was making to carry it off as though his present proceeding had no reference whatever to the young lady at the gangway.

At last the tender came, and they got on board. When they steamed off from the ship's side, the passengers gave them a cheery farewell, meant to be encouraging, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the men their hats. The old lady looked angry, because she could not understand the point of the demonstration. Mr Ernest Fenwick understood it, for it made him very red; and if the pretty maiden did not understand their meaning, at any rate she blushed very nicely, and became exceedingly busy with shawls and wraps.

The invalid was in a very bad temper this morning, and although Fenwick stood a good way off, he could see that she was continuously scolding the girl while the tender took them ashore. When they were landed, and the porters fell upon their luggage, the young man, after some hesitation, approached the girl to say good-bye. The old lady had dropped into her deck-chair, and her companion stood behind it, with downcast uneasy eyes. The former looked sharply up, with indignant features, and loudly demanded: 'What do you want, sir? What do you want of me?'

'Nothing,' was the brief reply, as he took off his hat and gave his hand to the girl, merely saying 'Good-bye.'

'This is intolerable!' exclaimed the angry invalid. 'Miss Flint—Flint, I say!—what does it mean?'

The poor girl bent down and said something in a low tone, and Ernest Fenwick turned away with a burning face. He signed to a porter to take his portmanteau and box, and rapidly made his way to the station.

The 'bit of Devonshire' was gone out of his head now, as well as Torquay, and he took a ticket to London. Fenwick was very vexed and indignant, but could hardly understand his feelings clearly. That the old lady had been rude, and even offensive, was a fact clear enough. But who was her companion? It was singular that during the week or so on board the steamer Fenwick had not learned her name, or thought about ascertaining it. He had been too much absorbed with new sensations. He had regarded her, as the other passengers did, as the invalid's grandchild, or niece, or other relative. But from the lady's manner of addressing her just now as 'Flint,' it would appear she was only a maid.

Just at first, Fenwick was very angry. But after an hour's chafing in the train, when he had gone over and over his grievance until it palled upon him, he had luncheon at a station, and resumed his place in the corner of the carriage in company with a good cigar. By degrees he began to discern other lights on the picture, and as these came one by one, so also came over him an uncomfortable sense of shame. He did the girl more justice.

'If it comes to that,' he reasoned, 'even supposing her birth to have been what it may, she has the carriage and manners of a lady. And what have I, that I should be wanting more? I am no better off than she is, and so we are on a footing of fair equality.'

The sentiment was courageous, but it was not a success. For all its abstract justice, Ernest Fenwick was one of that class of people with whom 'equality' is determined by something which has no necessary connection with the solid things of the world. He would have to go on loving this girl, because he could not help himself; and this conviction was curiously accompanied by a half-formed, shamefaced hope that he might never meet her again!

As the train approached London he found time to think of more immediate concerns. In that black box under the seat, with his initials, 'E. F.,' in white letters on the lid, he possessed fifty pounds in Bank of England notes which he had obtained for gold at Cape Town. That sum

constituted all his wealth. There was only one house in London where he could claim acquaintance, and the idea of presenting himself there gave him a hot fit, for reasons which will here be explained.

Fenwick's father had been obliged to sell the paternal estate of the family on account of its burden of mortgage, and the small balance remaining only lasted his own lifetime. It became expedient, therefore, for the son to seek a living in some business or profession, and—as sometimes happens—young Fenwick manifested no predilection whatever for thus putting his nose to the grindstone. His only friend and adviser was his father's solicitor, Mr Luke Stone, who, if the young fellow had followed his counsel, would have undoubtedly pushed him on. Mr Stone was anxious, for personal reasons, to do so. He had an attractive daughter, a year or two the senior of Ernest Fenwick, for whom the latter felt a degree of admiration not far removed from a warmer sentiment. Indeed, he made a fair amount of love to her in private, of which her father was well aware. Now, if young Fenwick could only be induced to put his shoulder to the wheel and get on in the world as a money-maker, the old solicitor would be well pleased to bestow upon him his daughter, and probably restore the fortunes of his fallen house out of the resources of his own ample accumulations. It would be a good deal, privately, to Mr Luke Stone to see his daughter wedded to the prosperous head of an old and honoured family.

But although Fenwick was, in an indirect but quite intelligible manner, given to understand the reward which he could win by his exertions—and although Hetty Stone was a prize in his eyes of no ordinary value—he would have liked some other way of winning it. Nature had not fitted him for the slow toil of business. He honestly tried it, and failed. Then he besought Mr Stone to let him take his chances in his own way. He would go out to South Africa, where gold and diamonds abounded, and try his fortune there. Mr Stone did not like the idea; but there might, after all, be something in it, and there was clearly no use in keeping the young fellow at business. So at last Fenwick started forth on his adventures. And now, with only a few pounds, he was coming back, and would have to go to Mr Stone and Hetty and shamefacedly confess his failure. After that ordeal he did not yet know what he should do.

Mr Stone lived at Westbourne Park, and Fenwick put up at the hotel at Paddington on his arrival. As the thing would have to be done, he immediately sent a note to Mr Stone to announce his safe return; and then, as the best way of passing the time, he started out for a walk down Edgware Road to Hyde Park.

He strode into the park with a feeling of exhilaration arising from the familiar sights and sounds of London. Many a time he had taken Miss Stone down here for a walk in the old days, and his eye sought, and found, the particular seat on which they had so often rested. It was occupied now by a lady and gentleman, and Fenwick was directing his steps another way, when some fancy caused him to look at them again. They were quite a hundred yards away, but the lady was undoubtedly Hetty

Stone. And she recognised him, for, pink with pleased surprise, she rose and looked towards him. Fenwick immediately approached the spot, glancing alternately from the girl to her military-looking companion; and if it had not been for the presence of the latter, there is no knowing how the meeting might have come off. Hetty was undeniably pretty—far prettier, Fenwick thought, than she had been two years ago.

She stepped forward a few paces to meet him, and her manner was altogether one of unaffected pleasure. She called him 'Ernest,' and in the space of sixty seconds asked almost as many questions about his health, the voyage, &c.—to the evident chagrin of the gentleman she had somewhat unceremoniously deserted at the seat. Him, however, Miss Stone quickly recollected, as she turned round and said: 'Ernest, let me introduce you and Captain De Bantame to each other. You must both come home with me, and I will give you some tea. Papa will be so pleased to see you again, Ernest.'

The two gentlemen did not seem particularly pleased to know each other; and Hetty, who quite understood what was the matter, found it difficult to keep them in good-humour, though she was a clever enough young lady.

The tea was an uncomfortable function. Fenwick, jealous and watchful, detected in Miss Stone, beneath all her pleasant ways, an undercurrent of eager curiosity. Had Captain De Bantame remained much longer than he did, it is probable Hetty's impatience to know the result of her old lover's adventures in quest of fortune would have led her to ask Fenwick the question. But the captain took his leave after tea, looking so stiff, that Hetty thought it best to go out to the door with him. After a minute or so she returned, and drawing her feet up on a couch, at once went into the matter that interested her most.

'Now, Ernest, we can enjoy a good long talk till papa comes home. He will not be here for an hour yet. Tell me all about yourself. Why have you not written to me for so many months? You have not even sent a line to say you were returning.'

'The truth is, Hetty, as I had no good news to send, I preferred to send none. I have come back as poor as I went out.'

This was a 'header,' and he observed its effect. The girl did look really sorry—very sorry. He could not but entirely believe in the sincerity of the feeling she expressed. After this she became thoughtful, and kept up a conversation with evident difficulty. Fenwick saw she was embarrassed, and believed that he understood the cause of it.

'I sent round a note to your father to say that I was back,' he said. 'I did not intend to come until he should invite me. I suppose he will be disappointed at the result, though I don't think he had at any time much hope of my succeeding.'

'I think he fancied there might be a chance. Some people have suddenly made fortunes. But you know what papa is,' she said, thinking carefully of what she was saying; 'he does not regard things in the same way as—as you and I might do.'

'I know he doesn't,' said Fenwick.

'What do you intend doing now, Ernest?'

'I have no plans as yet. Something will come in my way, I suppose, but I have not had time to think of anything so far. It doesn't much matter.'

Miss Stone did not seem to feel any point or application in the last words, which were uttered as the sentiment always is by a despairing lover.

'You might go into the army,' she said—meaning, as an officer. Hetty did not know but what the thing was easy enough.

'I may do that,' he answered with a curl of the lip; 'recruits, it is said, are none too plentiful, and there are thousands of vacancies.'

The girl coloured a little, and, sitting up, observed in a tired way that she wished 'papa were home.'

'Shall I give you some music while we are waiting, Ernest?' she asked.

'Many thanks, Hetty,' he answered, rising; 'but, if you don't mind, I will go back to the hotel to write a few letters before post-time. If your father wishes to see me, will you kindly say that I will call upon him at his office any time he appoints to-morrow?'

Nothing could be plainer than the young man's meaning, and Miss Stone understood it. His manner conveyed to her that he regarded a certain old prospect as at an end. Hetty looked very uncomfortable, but silently acquiesced in this understanding; and when, with a touch of his old manner, he gave her his hand and said 'Good-bye,' she knew what it meant, and had feeling enough to be ashamed.

Before Fenwick reached the hotel he had finally dismissed Hetty Stone from his mind, and formed the resolution of taking the first train for Torquay. He had nothing else to claim his attention; and the prospect of meeting that girl again exercised a double influence over him from the dismissal which he had received from Hetty Stone. The nameless girl was no longer a lady's maid, but the object of his ardent love.

He found from the time table that the night-mail for the west started in less than two hours, giving him ample time for dinner, for even a lover must dine. But it turned out that he was neither to have dinner nor journey, on account of a singular discovery he made presently, which overwhelmed him with blank dismay.

PRISONERS OF WAR IN ENGLAND.

Few places in England can have sheltered such various types of population as Princetown, and none has been so much a home of necessity rather than of choice. The hillsides all around are studded with prehistoric remains—circles and avenues, beehive huts, cyclopean bridges, 'kistvaens' or rock basins, and only the extraordinary obscurity of the subject minimises their interest in the eyes of the archæologist. In the popular mind every remain is connected with the Druids, and even their 'tidddy' (potato) market is pointed out near Merivale Bridge, though it is more than doubtful whether Dartmoor was not a terra incognita to the priesthood. At any rate, it has, from the days of the Phœnicians, been an im-

portant centre of the mining industry; and the ridges, especially to the south, are scored deep with 'the scratchings of the old men of the moor.' Within two miles of Princetown rises Crockern Tor, where the Stannary Courts used to meet to administer justice among the miners. The gray pile of granite must have witnessed many a scene of savage justice, for the penalty for debasing the tin was to pour molten metal down the offender's throat. With the decline of the mining industry in the seventeenth century, Princetown must have been given over to a few squatters or the Gubbings and their kin, whose misdeeds are recorded in 'Westward Ho.' However, in 1805 a Commission visited it, which wrought another revolution in its history.

For some years a growing uneasiness was caused by the large number of the prisoners of war confined on board the hulks at Plymouth. Accounts have been left of what tells these ships became when in the evenings the prisoners were all shut up together below for the night. But to the Government they presented a more pressing evil than mere sores of moral corruption. England feared invasion, or, at any rate, attack, and the presence of thousands of prisoners in the great naval arsenal of the west was a very real danger. At the best of times, numbers fell victims to the dirt and misery by which they were surrounded. Escapes were very numerous. Sometimes they would cut their way through the bulkheads and escape in shore-boats. At other times they would set fire to the ship, in the chance of escaping in the confusion; so a scheme was formed of confining in some convenient place inland.

Princetown was suggested, and a Commission was sent to examine the proposed site of the prison. Their report was favourable: 'Water excellent and plentiful; the soil gravel, peat for fuel abundant, with convenient access to the high-road, and an abundant supply of granite for building. The Prince of Wales would give as many acres as were required by the Board, so that the possibility of a garden for vegetables is an additional consideration, which is likely to tend to the health and comfort of the prisoners.' One hundred and thirty thousand pounds were expended on the original buildings, which were erected on the slope of North Hessary, fourteen hundred feet above sea-level in the highest village in England. In December 1808 the buildings were reported finished. The prisons, seven in number, were enclosed at a distance of forty feet by a circular line of palisading, made of stout iron bars with sharp points. Two walls, fourteen feet high, and twenty-two feet apart, with convenient towers for sentries, the whole enclosed by a military road, completed the defences.

The native must have gazed with great curiosity on the motley crowd, drawn from almost every quarter of the globe, who were driven up to inhabit the new buildings. Negroes captured on board American privateers, Eurasians, Malays, and Chinese from the ships of the Dutch East India Company, Danes, French, Dutch, and Americans—nearly ten thousand in all, guarded by a permanent force of five hundred infantry. So far as possible they were sorted according to

their nationality, and the negroes in particular were allotted a special building, because of the peculiar aversion entertained for them by the other prisoners. Of all these, the Danes earned the best character for good conduct, although they felt somewhat aggrieved that they should only receive one shilling a day allowance, while the English prisoners in Denmark were granted twice as much. The Americans behaved with a disorder which culminated in the outbreak of April 1815, when a dangerous mutiny was only quelled by a volley of musketry, which killed seven and wounded thirty-five.

One of the chief difficulties which the jailers had to encounter was the passion for gambling, which was intensified by the loss of so many ordinary interests of life. The prisoners gambled for their rations, and even for their clothes; and it is recorded that some died of starvation through having lost their allowance of beef, peas, and bread for days together; and many were reduced to a terribly emaciated condition. Yellow clothing was issued for those who were convicted of gaming for or selling their garments; but to prevent gambling altogether was impossible, when a wager could be decided by pulling straws from a mattress, by the number of turns the sentry made in a given time, or even of the curls in the doctor's wig. The French prisoners are credited with one peculiarly ingenious device. When the lights were extinguished, and the ship's lantern alone cast a dull glimmer through the room, the rats used to come out of their holes to pick up the crumbs under the hammocks. A peculiarly tempting morsel was put in an open space, and each man selected a champion, for all the rats were known by name. When they crowded into the open to share the spoil, a disinterested spectator would whistle, and the first rat to reach his hole was declared the winner. One peculiarly cunning old gray rat went by the name of *Père Ratapon*.

As may be supposed, these transactions led to many quarrels, and duels were of frequent occurrence. At first, as fencing was allowed, a foil was converted into a very passable small-sword by breaking off the button. But after a while the foils were forbidden, and the ingenuity of the prisoners was taxed to provide a suitable substitute. To an American privateersman and marine belongs the honour of the best invention. Two splinters of hard wood were obtained from the carpenter's shop, tipped with knife-blades, and furnished with tin guards. So effectual did the weapons prove, that the marine was mortally wounded.

That attempts were frequently made to effect an escape is proven by the ominous recurrence of the verdict 'Drowned' in the prisoners' death-roll. The Dart or the Tavy presented no ineffectual barrier to those who were unacquainted with the force of a moor river when in flood, and the jagged rocks with which their beds are studded. But many attempts were successful, and some were not without their romance. One man was engaged in executing repairs in the doctor's house, and succeeded in insinuating himself into the good graces of the maid-servant. With her help he secured the doctor's naval uniform, and was thus enabled to pass the guard on the high-road. He reached

France in safety, and returned the snuffbox and silver-headed cane with many compliments. Another man secreted a soldier's cap and great-coat in a vegetable basket, and thus conveyed them into the prison. Just before lock-up, a fatigue party used to fetch spring-water from beyond the walls. Having put on the cap and coat, he took a pail and walked boldly out, as if he was on duty. Unfortunately, he thought to give a finishing touch to his rôle of careless ease by whistling. The Marseillaise was the only tune he could remember. 'What do you call that?' growled the sentry as he passed the outer gate, being struck by the unfamiliar air. The Gaul understood no English, and fancied himself challenged. He flung himself on the astonished sentry, and tried to obtain possession of his musket. While they were struggling on the ground, they were discovered by some other soldiers. Another man had himself walled up by his chums in a house they were building, and at nightfall easily pushed down the new-built wall and effected his escape. The unsuccessful were immured in a sort of dungeon. One French boy left a pathetic copy of verses, of which the following is one verse:

Oh set me free!
This dungeon deep
Is dark'ning round me.
I dare not sleep.
Unearthly forms in its gloom I see;
They are mocking my sorrow; oh set me free!

The employments of the prisoners were various. Princetown Church is one memorial of their industry. Besides this, they were adepts at making work-baskets, door-mats, hand-screens, and various ornaments out of rubbish, which they used to sell to the country people. The only article they were forbidden to manufacture was straw hats, because of the bounty. That they found their trade not unprofitable, and their sojourn not invariably unpleasant, is proved by the fact that many sold their turn for exchange for trifling sums when embarkation was about to take place; and some returned home with as much as one hundred pounds savings. Among the most profitable trades were false coining and the forging of bank-notes, which were passed into circulation by the connivance of the soldiers.

The system of parole was largely adopted in the case of officers, and certain towns were appointed for their residence, as Tavistock, Ashburton, and Okehampton. Many also were hospitably entertained by the neighbouring gentry.

Hopes were cherished of an invasion of England, and were fed by the alarmist reports of the peasantry. Their fears gave rise to the saying, 'To go to Paignton to meet the French.' On one occasion two French generals living on parole in a cottage near Princetown appeared in full uniform under the impression that a landing had been effected, and that they might expect an early release. When at length peace was concluded, the prisoners could scarcely believe the welcome news, and went about asking, 'Is it indeed true? Shall we see la belle France again?' Truly, to those accustomed to the fertile lands of Normandy, or the vineyards of Champagne, or the South, Dartmoor must have seemed like Siberia. 'For seven months in the year it is a vraie Sibérie, covered with unmelting snow.

When the snows go away, the mists appear. Imagine the tyranny of perfide Albion in sending human beings to such a place,' wrote M. Catel in his account of the prison.

PERTH, ON THE SWAN RIVER.

As increased interest in Western Australia has resulted from the phenomenally rich gold discoveries recently made at Coolgardie, it has occurred to the writer that a few sketches of the capital on the banks of the beautiful Swan River might perhaps be worthy the attention of British readers.

Perth is charmingly situated, and the scene it presents when approached from the water is decidedly picturesque. Viewed from that point, it has the appearance of nestling amid luxuriant foliage, for, although the foliage of the surrounding 'bush' cannot be described in these terms, there are the lovely well-wooded gardens of Government House, which slope down to the river's banks; and the vivid green of the trees in the Botanical Gardens, as well as in those of the wealthier residents, whose houses overlook the river, from the slopes of Mount Eliza. This is a broad table-land, which rises about two hundred and twenty feet above the level of the water, to the left of the city. Arrived at Perth, it strikes the 'new chum'—as the older colonists call fresh arrivals—with surprise that the streets have not been more bountifully planted, as, in such a climate, one might reasonably expect shade-giving trees to be cultivated as much as possible. But the city is still in its youth, not having yet quite outgrown the traces of hardship endured in infancy and childhood. One must bear in mind that for many years after it was founded life was full of difficulty and privation to the early settlers, and that, until within comparatively recent years, the colonists were obliged to devote their energies and thoughts to the urgent necessities of existence, rather than to the beautifying of their surroundings.

Seventy years ago, the prospect was as desolate as it is now picturesque and suggestive of prosperity. Then the shores, clothed in primeval 'bush' and scrub, their monotonous olive-green undulations unbroken by any sign of human habitation, were left to the dreary and oppressive solitude characteristic of Australian scenery. The sweet note of the wattle-bird, the whistle of the magpie ('Break o' day boys'), the weird cry of the black swan, or at night the hideous croaking of frogs, were the only sounds to break the spell of silence lying upon these regions. A land untrodden by the foot of man, save when one of those nomad tribes whose miserable descendants still roam about the settled districts paid it an occasional visit, in quest of the teal and ducks which used to breed here in great numbers, as well as the black swan, from which the infant colony took the name it first bore of Swan River Settlement.

Perth is built on the sloping bank of the river, which at this point widens to such an extent as to give quite the appearance of a broad lake. Its opposite shores are still clad with virgin 'bush,' except where a few pretty bungalows and

their surrounding gardens make a bright spot in the gray-green foliage. The waters are usually of a glorious blue, less deep in tone, perhaps, than that of the Lake of Geneva, but harmonising with the azure skies of sunny Australia. The shore on the city side is skirted by a road which, as it winds around the base of Mount Eliza, offers many lovely glimpses of scenery.

Leaving the city by this road, one passes the Recreation Ground, much of which has been reclaimed from the river, and upon the edge of which stands the commodious, if not very ornamental quarters of the Royal Perth Yacht Club, a highly popular institution, as is apparent from the fleet of yachts at anchor, or skimming the blue waters. The handsome new Weld Club, which overlooks the Recreation Ground, must be mentioned as a distinct improvement on the old club-house in St George's Terrace, and one of the many tokens of architectural progress made of late in town and suburbs. Its fine façade, and spacious balconies and verandas, are in striking contrast to the shabby two-storeyed building, not a stone's throw distant, in which the Supreme Court still holds its sittings, and which is a relic of the early days of the settlement.

There is a generous scope for improvement in that portion of road which runs along the base of the slope upon which the city is built. But, doubtless, in the near future the ground now given up to the back-gardens of St George's Terrace and to a few tatterdemalion houses will be occupied by a row of imposing buildings; and instead of the Recreation Ground, we may hope to see spacious quays; for the growth of an Australian city, once started, is rapid.

The situation of Perth is so admirably suited to that of a great commercial centre, that the imagination conjures up a picture of the noble river with ships, flying the flags of many nations, at anchor on its placid surface. The nineteenth century may not see that vision realised; but at the end of this decade the quay and the fleet of ships may begin to seem less chimerical, for already the work of deepening the river mouth at Fremantle, the principal port of the colony, has made good progress; and when shipping can come up to Perth, the increase in trade which must follow will do much to make our dream take shape in reality.

Following the windings of the road past the jetty, the boat-building yards, warehouses, and breweries, with now and then a dwelling surrounded by groves of plantains, oranges, dates, and other subtropical fruits, we approach Mount Eliza. At one point there is quite a precipitous fall from the summit of the hill to the river. Beneath the cliff, the soil, where there is space for cultivation, is wonderfully prolific, owing to its moist character, sheltered situation, and sunny aspect. Dates, pomegranates, loquats, bananas, oranges, lemons, &c., can all be produced in abundance. But as a site for dwellings it cannot be considered a desirable one, as the dampness necessary for the production of teeming vegetable life is not a condition in which the human species thrives. The promontory, at the foot of which stands 'The big Tree,' is a favourite goal for pedestrians from the city. It makes a pleasant halting-place; and from under the boughs of this venerable eucalyptus one can enjoy the view,

which embraces a charming panorama of Perth, the upper reaches of the river, where it narrows above the city, and the purple ranges of the Darling Hills beyond.

The road which we have followed thus far leads to Fremantle; but though an agreeable drive down to the port, it ceases to be specially interesting from the point at which it leaves the river. This is near the entrance to Crawley Park, Sir George Shenton's picturesque residence. The house at Crawley, if approached by the carriage drive, reminds one of a pleasant English country seat, surrounded by trees. The illusion is somewhat dispelled on closer inspection, when one marks that the trees are chiefly eucalyptus, banksia, or wattle, and that the house possesses a broad veranda.

But to return to town across the Mount, which, by-the-way, would be rather rough walking in its present condition, were we to attempt the ascent on this side by any other path than that of imagination. Its breezy heights have been reserved for a public park; but the citizens have already discovered that the Mount offers many sites admirably suited for building purposes; and the houses to be seen on its sunny slopes are in many instances handsome and commodious, and give evidence of the prosperity and good taste of the occupants.

One of the difficulties to be encountered on arriving at Perth—if with a view to settle there—is to find a house of any description to let. Why no enterprising speculator takes upon himself to supply the need for houses is a mystery yet unsolved, for even at a high rent they would soon find tenants. Probably the solution is, that few speculators possessing the necessary capital have as yet explored the colony, and till within the last seven or eight years there was not the demand for houses that now exists.

St George's Terrace is, on a modest scale, the Fifth Avenue of Perth; but if as yet there are no local Vanderbilts to build palatial residences, there are many fine public buildings which do every credit to a young and now rapidly rising community. The Terrace is broad, and rather suggestive of a continental boulevard, with rows of well-grown Cape lilacs on either side. Government House, which faces the Terrace, is one of the most charmingly situated gubernatorial residences in Australia, and its claims to architectural beauty are by no means insignificant. It is, of course, the centre of social life; and in the season, dances, private theatricals, musical parties, dinners, &c., follow one another in quick succession.

The gardens are extensive and beautifully kept; and tennis and croquet parties are frequently given during the fine months. The Botanical Gardens adjoin those of Government House, and although small, they contain a choice collection of rare and beautiful plants and trees.

Opposite are the Government offices and the General Post-office, handsome new buildings erected within the last few years; also St George's (Anglican) Cathedral. In St George's Terrace are likewise the banks, the Stock Exchange, the Victoria Free Library—opened in the Jubilee year—as well as many residences of prominent citizens.

The business streets have been greatly improved

during the last few years; and there are now rows of fine shops and warehouses, where not so long ago stood tin shanties or wretched little tumble-down houses. Hotels, too, are springing up, and prove that business is following in the train of the crowds of 'new chums' and 'other siders,' who, since the Coolgardie gold-rush set in, have been flocking to Western Australia in thousands.

The city is well supplied with churches and chapels, and there are two cathedrals, Anglican and Roman Catholic. There is as yet no theatre, but there are frequent performances by travelling companies; and there is an excellent amateur Operatic Society, which successfully performs such works as those of Suppé, and of Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan. The Perth Musical Union has also done good service in the cause of music, and the concerts are most educating to the public. The repertoire includes the Messiah, St Paul, the May Queen, Twelfth Mass, the Creation, and many other well-known works. There is no lack of amusement in this pleasant little city, and life is very sociable, and far more enjoyable and stirring than that in ordinary English country towns. The climate is so delightful that outdoor amusements are very popular; cricket is adored by all classes; but football, and indeed all athletic sports, are also much indulged in; and it goes without saying that with such a river, boating is a very favourite pastime.

THE CROWN OF FAILURE.

WHEN you have lived your life,
When you have fought your last good fight and won,
And the day's work is finished, and the sun
Sets on the darkening world and all its strife—
Ere the worn hands are tired with all they've done,
Ere the mind's strength begins to droop and wane,
Ere the first touch of sleep has dulled the brain,
Ere the heart's springs are slow and running dry—
When you have lived your life,
'Twere good to die.

If it may not be so,
If you but fight a fight you may not win—
See the far goal but may not enter in—
'Twere better then to die and not to know
Defeat—to die amidst the rush and din,
Still striving, while the heart beats high and fast
With glorious life: if you must fail, at last,
Such end were best, with all your hope and all
Your spirit in its youth,
Then, when you fall.

Far better so to die,
Still toiling upward through the mists obscure,
With all things possible and nothing sure,
Than to be touched by glory and passed by,
To win, by chance, fame that may not endure,
That dies and leaves you living, while you strive
With wasted breath to keep its flame alive,
And fan, with empty boasts and proud regrets,
Remembrance of a past
The world forgets.

A. SR J. ADCOCK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.